

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 321 - Three Hundred And Twenty-one: Uh-Oh - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 321 - Three Hundred And Twenty-one: Uh-Oh

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The third point of view :

At the same reception

"Neon!" Ailee called the little boy who tactically hid at the corner of the kitchen with his back turned to her. Neon turned to look at her, a flicker of alarm crossing his face.

"What are you doing here? Do you know how long Allen and I have been searching for you," Ailee chided, walking over to him.

Allen who followed his sister chuckled mockingly, "Here we thought someone couldn't find his way back to the reception,"

The kids were in the kitchen where chefs were busy preparing and serving food. None of them said a word to the kids since they recognized them as Niklaus' kids nor do they have the time to chase them off anyway. They were already way behind schedule.

"What are you doing?" Ailee was vexed when the boy didn't answer her, instead, he seemed to be hiding something, "What is it you're hiding?"

Neon quickly said innocently, "Nothing,"

Allen and Ailee shared a look, a smirk on their faces. Neon was the worst liar they had ever seen and they knew that. Immediately, both went after the boy and snatched whatever he was hiding.

"Mr fluff," Both said in unison, shock on their faces.

Mr. Fluff was no other than a white mouse Neon had taken a liking to recently. Last week when they had been shopping for their wedding outfits, the kids happened to pass a pet shop, and then, their mother - who had been treating Neon partially-?asked if they needed any pets.

As usual, Allen waved it away, claiming he wasn't a kid and didn't need such unnecessary obligation. Ailee chose a cute white Persian cat while Neon had settled on the albino white mouse to everyone's surprise.

They had been expecting him to get a dog or something and not that little fluffy rodent that could get into their clothes or bed while asleep if left uncontrolled. Allen, in particular, was against it but Reina as usual, stood for her current favorite person and the case was closed.

"Why did you bring a mouse here?" Ailee hissed out, " And a kitchen of all places? Why don't you understand that rodents are the chefs worst enemy,"

Allen was amused, " I guess he hadn't watched Ratatouille," he chortled, "I wonder how mouse meat would taste,"

"I'm sorry but I couldn't bear to leave Mr. fluff at home because he looked so lonely," Neon had a pitiful look on his face that Ailee's anger melted instantly.

"And Allen, stop bullying Mr. Fluff," Neon warned the boy who had the mouse dangling in the air by the tail.

The mouse squeaked in protest and he tried to snatch it away from that devil's grasp but Allen swiftly slipped past him.

There was a trace of panic in Neon's eyes, he couldn't make a scene here else the chef finds out what's going on.

"Allen, give him back," He said through gritted teeth and was about to rush at him once more when a voice hollered behind them.

"So this is where you kids were hiding?"

Panic crossed the kids' features

"Hide it quickly!" Ailee and Neon pressured Allen.

"Where?" The boy was confused. There was no way on earth he was putting that in his pocket, the mouse was so damn squeamish and would make him uncomfortable. Mr. Fluff was mobile hence the reason Neon couldn't hide him any longer.

Then Allen did the next thing that came to mind. He turned with lightning speed, opened the food on the serving trolley beside him, put the mouse in there, and closed it shut with its cover immediately.

"What are you three mischievous kids up to now?" Anabelle walked over to them, hands akimbo.

"Nothing?" they all answered in a chorus.

"Do you how long Isabella has been searching for you guys? You should thank your God that I'm the one that found you else you would have incurred her wrath already," she told them honestly.

Yes, thank their God, indeed. The kids breathed a sigh of relief. If Isabella had been the one who found them, she would have ripped the truth from them.

Though Allen and Ailee were sure of lasting under her interrogation and might even deceive her successfully, but not Neon. The boy was a dead weight and wouldn't withstand Isabella's pressure - even for a minute. Their elder sister was a demoness. But the universe was on their side today and sent Anabelle who didn't even suspect a thing at all.

Such cute kids, what could they have possibly done? Anabelle thought. She waved the suspicious thought from her mind, Isabella was just overreacting.

"Alright, follow me back to the reception, immediately," Anabelle ordered and led the way, expecting them to obey.

"Where's Mr. Fluff?" Ailee asked her brother, as soon as Anabelle left.

Allen smiled at them reassuringly, "Don't worry about him, I hid him in the - Uh-oh," He blinked twice at the space beside him.

"Uh-oh, what?" Ailee was confused.

Allen pointed at the spot where the trolley had been moments ago, " I hid it in the dish that had been -"

Neon didn't even wait for Allen to fully narrate his story and shrieked, "MR. FLUFF!"

The boy who grasped what happened, ran out to the reception hall to save his mouse with Allen and Ailee after him.

Meanwhile, back at the party.

Cecil couldn't stand the sight of her miserable son any longer. In fact, she couldn't stand the both of them!

Since the brides and grooms were receiving gifts from family, friends, and well-wishers. Some of the guests had lined up on the dance floor with their partners, waltzing to a soft, romantic number the orchestra was now playing while the others entertained themselves with the food being served.

It was obvious that most people on the dance floor were young people with their companions unlike her son and Isabella brooding at different corners. That was quite an eyesore to her and she couldn't take it any longer.

"Your mood is a huge contrast to this special occasion," She made her presence known beside Pedro who was typing away on his phone.

Pedro sighed, readjusting himself on his seat, he already had a faint premonition of what she was about to bother him with.

"What do you want?" he asked, grumpily.

"You know why I'm here,"

"And I don't want to hear it," Pedro hoped to dismiss her as he did earlier but Cecil was adamant.

"What's the real problem here, tell me, Pedro. Talk to mommy - mama knows it all,"

Pedro snorted, but then it dawned on him that he needed to talk this out with someone.

"Well," He took a deep breath and began, " My ex-girlfriend is currently engaged to someone else,"

"What?!" Cecil was shocked. She didn't expect this, no one told her.

So Pedro spent the next minutes narrating to her what happened. As expected, he saw the emotion he hoped for from his mother's face, which made him coerce his guilty conscience to admit that breaking up with Isabella was the right thing to do.

"That's quite a big issue,"

"Yes, indeed it is," Pedro continued, "Isabella is spontaneous and all these wouldn't have happened if she had just listened to me in the first place. I just can't keep up with her space; she's so damn unpredictable,"

"But that's her charm,"

"Yes, that's her charm..." Pedro trailed off when he realized his mother just tricked him, "That is not funny, mother,"

"Pedro, it's so obvious that you both love each other strongly,"

"Yeah, but love is not everything. I don't want to be in a situation where my heart would have to be broken two years later," He complained.

Cecil smiled.

"What's funny?" it didn't seem funny to him.

"Isabella told you the truth didn't she?"

"Yes, she did but how does that concern the issue at hand,"

"Pedro, have you ever wondered about your father?" The woman brought up suddenly.

Pedro went silent. God damn him if he dares claim he hadn't been curious. Of course, he was and always has been. But then, his mother treated him so well he hadn't bothered bringing up that past for her.

"You'd tell me when you're ready," was all he said.

Cecil licked her lips, "Your dad and I were engaged to get married. But then, I was too young and made some pretty bad mistake, I had a one-night stand with a stranger and then months later, turned out pregnant. I told your father as a partner I trusted that I was carrying his baby - I was sure of it - but he never believed me, so I left,"

She took her son's hand, "Isabella could have hidden the engagement till her two years of freedom was up but she chose to tell you because she trusted you. And trust, my son, is the core of a successful relationship. Who knows? With the two of you working hand in hand, you might be able to find a loophole to annul the engagement,"

"Look at that beautiful lady over there, Pedro," Cecil tilted her head in the direction of Isabella and his eyes followed her gesture.

Behold, Isabella stood at a corner of the room looking so lonely and dejected yet was sipping her drink with a grace that could even put a queen to shame.

His throat tightened when he saw a guy approach her, probably asking her for a dance. But Isabella's deadly glare sent the young man running with his tail between his legs.

"She even curled her hair and made herself pretty," Cecil pressed, "And we both know Isabella hates spending time in the mirror,"

Pedro flexed his fist that had tightened when that jerk tried to ask his girlfriend, Urm, ex-girlfriend out. He was so damn uncomfortable with this swirling feeling in his chest.

Cecil stood and patted him on the back, "Don't make a decision that you're going to regret for the rest of your life, kiddo," she ruffled his hair and left.

Pedro spent some time contemplating his choices and then he stood, making one last decision. It was now or never.

At the same time, Isabella leaned against one of the pillars watching the dancing couples with a tinge of sadness in her eyes.

Why does she feel so lonely? She sighed, bored of this party. All she wanted to do now was to leave this party and go lock herself up in her room. She needed to be alone for a while.

"Can I have this dance with you?" Someone said from behind.

Isabella's eyes suddenly widened, her body trembling when she heard that voice. Could it be...? She turned around and it was as she thought.

"Pedro," the name escaped her lips unconsciously.

"Is the dance offer still available?" Pedro couldn't understand why he was nervous himself.

"Of course," Isabella boomed a smile that made his heart go, "Ba-dum, Ba-dum," and only snapped out of his daze when she placed her hand in his.

With his heart pounding in his throat, Pedro led her to the dance floor and they began to sway to the music alongside other couples.

Pedro held her close, his hand traveling down her back till they grip the curve of her waist. He pressed his lips to her ear saying, "I think I might have made a mistake with my grammar the other day,"

"What?" Isabella was confused

"Isabella, I'm making up with you not breaking up with you," he declared.

Isabella was dazed by that confession but soon a smile that was enough to dazzle even the sun tilted her lips to the side. She said, "Since you don't have a Ph.D. in English, I can always look past some mistakes,"

And just like that, the both of them were good. But then, a certain person was green with envy at what was going on.

"That is not going to happen, not in my watch!" Julie was determined to break both of them up and beelined to the dance floor.

But just as he was about to destroy their romantic moment by introducing himself as the honorable fiancé, someone came out of nowhere and took his hand in a dance so quickly he was dumbfounded.

"What do you think you are doing?" he glared fire at Anabelle who was forcing him to follow her dance steps.

"If you think I'm going to let you disrupt them, keep dreaming!" Anabelle stated. She had just come out of the kitchen only to find the irritating Casanova trying to wreak another havoc and intercepted him promptly.

However, almost immediately, a woman who was sitting closest to the dance floor shrieked so loudly that her screams were loud enough to wake the dead after she removed the cloche only to discover a live mouse in the meal served to her - the half-eaten dish.

"Burrp!" Mr. Fluff burped, unable to move around with his large stomach. What a meal!

"Ahh!!!!"

In her fit, the woman ran over to the dance floor and toppled a dancing couple, who in turn pushed down another couple, and just like a domino effect, everyone on the dance floor came tumbling down.

"Uh-oh," the trio kids muttered, gaping at their mass destruction.

Chapter 322 - Two Hundred And Twenty-two: Regrets

The third point of view:

There was silence, like dead silent. No one made a move, everyone just stilled as if the pause button had been pressed on them. But suddenly, another person's bellow was heard and that lady was no other than Anabelle.

"You bastard!" She punched Julie right in the face and the boy rolled to the side, groaning in pain with that side of his eye covered with his hand.

It happened that when everyone fell over, Julie and his unwilling partner, Anabelle fell too. But the boy was unlucky to have fallen on her and ended up kissing her unintentionally - as if Anabelle would fall for that lie!

When Anabelle screamed, the boy protested, claiming it wasn't his intention nor fault but she didn't believe him. Julie was a player and had used her once, she'd be a fool to be deceived the second time. And so the punch happened.

Initially, everyone had been outraged by the fall - it was unprofessionalism on the celebrant's part - but when Anabelle and Julie's episode happened, the comic effect took off forty percent of their anger.

"Don't you dare come around me, you irritating son of a biscuit!" Anabelle cursed and stormed out of the reception while Julie felt like a fish out of water with the number of stares given to him.

Filled with embarrassment, he lowered his head and scurried out of there. There was no doubt he was housing a black eye and she would pay for that. Yes, she won today but he lives to fight another day.

And just like that, Sakuzi released a peal of laughter, followed shortly by Niklaus, and then joined in Reina, and before long, everyone was laughing the whole incident away.

Reina was grateful for her father's quick wit. All these people were mostly socialites and many from prominent families and yet had suffered an unfair disgrace like this. She had been contemplating how to appease them but it seems it wouldn't be that hard anymore.

Eyes darting around, she found Neon picking up a lazy white mouse from a table while Allen and Ailee were on the lookout. Of course, she should have known this great incident had to do with her children. Those kids would make her age before her time.

Giving the guest before her a smile that didn't reach her eyes, Reina excused herself and made her way over to her kids who went pale upon detecting her.

"Follow me," she grabbed each of the twins by the ear while daring Neon to make a wrong move with her gaze and the frightened boy had no choice but to follow her.

Thankfully, Niklaus was smart enough to keep the guests occupied while the waiters served more refreshment - this time there was a careful search for mice before serving.

"Who's responsible for that?!" Reina hollered once she dragged them into an unoccupied room.

As expected, Allen pointed at Neon but Ailee, his sister, pointed at him while Neon stood with his signature pitiful face.

"Why are you pointing at me? Neon was the one who brought the mouse to the party," Allen threw a tantrum.

"You were the one who put the mouse in the dish!" Ailee told him fiercely, "If you had simply hidden him in your pocket, this wouldn't have happened,"

"No, this wouldn't have happened if Neon had left the rodent at home in the first place," Allen complained.

And just like that, the kids began to bicker amongst themselves as usual while Reina's anger graduated from sixty to a hundred percent.

"Shut up!!!" She exploded.

Their mouths twitched as they watched their mother's chest heave as she struggled to control her breathing. Men, they really pissed her off this time.

"You!" She referred to all of them, "Are grounded for the entire calendar month and it's effective immediately,"

"What?!"

"Oh yes, you heard me right. Which means no going out after school, no visiting of friends nor leaving the house unless I permit so. And you don't have to worry about impartiality since I'll be the one overlooking your punishment personally,"

Ailee reminded her mother, "Urm... Mom, you kind of have a honeymoon to attend to,"

"Shut up!" Reina yelled, then rubbed her forehead. These kids were driving her mental! God damns her if she thinks about childbirth ever again.

"I'll deal with you guys later," Reina promised and she left to inform Miranda to take them home. They had already taken family pictures and the rest of them hence had nothing left to do here.

Meanwhile, back at the reception, Cecil was grinning from ear to ear when she saw her son and Isabella had gone back to the couples they were. Of course, mama knows best.

Delighted at the outcome, Cecil took a glass of champagne from a passing waiter, and out of happiness swirled around dramatically but she stumbled in her heels and the drink in her grasp spilled on the guest standing next to her.

"Oops," She gasped, horrified at what she just did, "My God, I am so sorry," Cecil brought out her handkerchief, intending to wipe him clean only to freeze up.

The girl didn't freeze because of the stranger's intimidating height but because that height and face was a rare one and she knew exactly where she had seen him, more like known him.

"There's no need for that miss," the man said, yet his face underlined confusion when he saw the way the strange woman looked at him.

Cecil's blood ran cold, how could he be here? People said the world was a small place but she didn't believe that statement until now. Sure, it was common to forget one's one-night stand, but not this one. It was not everyday one sleeps with a giant that had a scar across his features adding to his manliness.

She had been young and reckless then. As the inquisitive person she was, she hadn't hesitated to approach the exotic man the moment he had walked into the club that day. Moreover, her friends had been put off by his stern expression that it had been thrilling to be the only one who mustered up the courage to speak with him.

Cecil had intended to ask him questions revolving around his height and how people accept him in the society since he was one of the rare humans. She never hoped to spend much time there; just ask her questions and prove to her friends she was daring enough to talk to Mr scary face. Who knew she would not only spend a long time there but get invited to his booth and spend a memorable quality dialogue before the whole shit went down - she must have been crazy to let him drive her home.

"Do we know each other by chance, miss?" Emerald asked the woman who had stopped scrutinizing his face.

In his viewpoint, there were only two types of women he associated with. Women he had gotten into their pants and the women who had been sent by enemy gangs to seduce him. Any other women were the ones he had sent six feet already. But this particular woman didn't belong to any and it bothered him because her gaze told him she knew him.

Recovering from her daze, Cecil immediately dropped everything and fled away. Yes, it takes two to tango but that man had cost her Pedro's father so she wanted nothing to do with him.

Emerald was highly surprised with the way the strange woman took off as if the devil was hot at her heels. She wasn't an enemy nor was she involved in his kind of life?- there was still that innocent glint in her eyes.

So why then would a perfectly normal human scurry away from him? Hmm, something was suspicious.

"Andrew," He called over the man who attended the party. Though everything was calm with Adam gone, however, Sakuzi still wanted his daughter protected at all cost.

"Yes boss," Andrew tactically bowed his head. The hierarchy was strictly observed in the falcon gang and he had greeted subtly so as not to draw unnecessary attention to themselves.

"I want you to find out about someone for me," Emerald said.

"Who?" he asked.

"That's exactly what you've to do. A woman stood by my side minutes ago, find out everything you can about her - do not leave even the lesser details out," He made it clear.

"Yes, boss,"

Now both the Spencer clan and Sakuzi clan were in-laws, it wouldn't be strange to share resources especially in this line of business.

"Also," Emerald warned him, "I don't need to remind you to behave in this ceremony, right?"

After the severe warning from him, the man had steered clear from Reina. Emerald knew the plans of lower subordinates like him: seduce the boss's daughter and upgrade their position. But he had seen right through him and ended that delusion.

Not that Reina would have liked the bastard anyway since she had eyes for Niklaus only. But then, she had lost her memories and it was easier to manipulate her - just like her father had done.

"Of course," Andrew answered.

"Good. Now go," Emerald dismissed him with a wave of his hand.

Andrew left with great sadness in his heart. He messed up big time. If only he hadn't been stupid enough to break up with Maya then, by now, he'd be reaping all these. Who knew he would end up serving the woman he looked down on in the past?

Imagine being Sakuzi's in-law, he would have been at the receiving end of this glory, riches, and power. Yeah, "Would have "

Chapter 323 - Two Hundred And Twenty-three: Define Your Desire

The third point of view:

"Do you think it's time for us to do this?" Pedro asked unsurely, a bit nervous. They had sneaked out of the reception party which was slowly coming to an end and when Isabella had suggested going out for a breather, he had a faint idea what she had in mind - and she sure never disappoints.

She had boarded a room effortlessly since her father owned the hotel - and that was the problem. What if Niklaus hears of this? That scary man would skin him alive, not to mention that her new mother, Reina, was the daughter of a mafia leader. If both parents hunted him down, his corpse wouldn't even be found on the surface of the earth. Gosh, he was nervous; his stomach was knotted with nerves.

"I don't think there's a biological clock for having sex," Isabella answered coolly as usual before swiping the keycard against the sensor and the door clicked opened.

Pedro envied the girl's courage. Don't be mistaken, he carried himself with confidence and charisma, but when it comes to matters of the heart, he finds himself as naive as an idiot - especially when it involves Isabella. He couldn't tell what was about her that made her feel this way.

"Are you coming in or not?" Isabella stood by the door with her brows arched, snapping him from his reverie.

"I'm coming," He stepped into the devil's hornet with his heart slamming against his chest. Isabella has finally become the death of him.

"Make yourself comfortable," Isabella told him then went to take off her heels.

Pedro looked around the room, it was lavishly decorated and one didn't need to be told it was a deluxe suite. His Adam's apple bobbed when his eyes fell upon the king-sized bed - so this was where everything would go down real soon.

"Aren't you feeling hot in those clothes?" Isabella said out of nowhere, startling him.

For a moment there, Pedro was tempted to hang onto his dinner jacket and tell her he was satisfied - he was sweating heavily - but Isabella knew him like the back of her fingers.

"Ah, yes, " He mumbled and was about to work on the single button when Isabella slapped his hands away. He glanced up at her, confused.

"Let me help you with those," She smiled sweetly.

Pedro shivered, not out of pleasure but from the dark promises those eyes of hers held. His heartbeat increased, he would have a heart attack at this rate.

Isabella took off his jacket slowly, making sure her fingers traced down his arms hidden by the shirt. Then she hooked her hand around his neck and brought his head down to kiss him. Though he gave her entry to his mouth, Isabella could sense some tension from him.

"You're nervous," she pointed out, "Like freaking nervous,"

"I can't help it. I feel like a lot of things could go wrong tonight," He said.

Isabella sighed, then got off him, " Wait here," She told him, "I'll be right back,"

With her gone, Pedro was able to breathe. Don't get him wrong, he wanted, heck! He was dying to have sex with Isabella, but for some reason, there was this fear holding him back.

He sat down on the bed and waited patiently, his thoughts wandering here and there in the silence of the room. Contrary to what he thought, It took some time for Isabella to return so he spent it watching television and when she did, came with room service.

"Thank you," She took the tray of champagne from the waitress and tipped her after sensing her curious gaze on them. Isabella knew she recognized her hence bribed her to keep her mouth shut - nobody was destroying her time together with Pedro today.

"Have a nice stay, Madam," The waitress grinned from ear to ear as she left with her trolley.

"Who is that for?" Pedro asked, curiously at the champagne.

"For us," Isabella answered briskly.

Well, that was better. The idea of getting him drunk was a good one except for the hangover part.

"Here," Isabella handed a filled champagne flute to him which he accepted yet his gaze searched for hers.

"You're not drinking?" Well, it's not like she needed it anyway. He was the nervous one here.

"Patience dear," Isabella winked at him and then took off her gown in one swift pull before his very eyes.

Pedro choked on his drink, eyes widening to the size of saucers upon seeing her dressed in nothing but a red sexy thong and bra. Blood rushed to his head and he felt his younger brother stir to life. Oh God, his girlfriend was a demoness.

"Like what you see?" Isabella winked at him again as she caught him staring at her backside. She loved the blush that crept up his face, he looked so adorable.

She couldn't wait to taint his soul, but first, she needed to lower his inhibitions. Her father - damn Niklaus - had done a number on him. She couldn't blame Pedro though, her background was intimidating.

Pedro watched hungrily - he hadn't even realized he now looked like a ravenous wolf - as Isabella filled her glass and walked over, sitting beside him on the bed.

"Let's talk as we enjoy our drinks," Isabella told him.

"Talk about what?"

"Anything. You just have to be the one doing the talking," Isabella told, batting her eyelids sexily.

"I don't know what to talk about," Pedro told her the truth, seeing her almost half-naked was distracting.

"Fine, I'll give you a topic then," she pursed her lips thoughtfully, " How did you feel when I left seven years ago? "

Pedro was startled by that question, he wasn't expecting that. The boy took a large gulp from his flute, replying,

"Disappointed,"

Surprise flickered across Isabella's face, "Why?" She pressed for more details, leaning closer to him, her breast jutting out slightly in the process.

Pedro had a hard time dragging his ears away from the great view set before him, the alcohol must be getting into his head.

"You left me, I thought we were going to be together forever with Anabelle," He chuckled, " I guess I was truly thinking like a kid then.

"So now I'm back, how do you feel? Happy?" She asked, sipping her drink.

"Relieved. I had a chance of fulfilling that dream somewhat," He smiled at her and they both kept staring at each other.

Suddenly, Isabella intentionally took her little leftover drink and poured it all over her chest, "Oops," she said.

Pedro's eyes darkened, watching as the droplets trailed down the swell of her chest while some fell into the deep V. Isabella smirked, it was time.

Something was happening to him, Pedro noticed. His breath thickened and was faster while his body was on fire.

"Do you want to know what it tastes like?" Isabella intentionally whispered into his ears, her hand sliding into his chest, and smiled at the way his muscles flexed. She kissed his ear, then bit his earlobe and heard him exhale sharply.

"What do you want, Pedro? You got to define your desire this time," she lowered her voice to a whisper, rubbing her soft chest against his toned ones, and shivered at the current that went through them.

Pedro's gaze flickered down to the curvy breasts rubbing him and said, " I want to taste you, Isabella, "

She smiled, the snail was finally coming out of his shell. Without warning, Isabella got on his laps,

curled her hand around the nape of his neck and drew his head downward.

Pedro had no idea what to do at first but his primitive instinct took over and he took her nipples through her bra, Isabella gasped from the pleasure.

The pleasant sound from her lips egged him on and he continuously teased her through her bra. Isabella's eyes widened, her boyfriend was a fast learner.

Having gained enough confidence, Pedro's hand went to her back and unhooked the bra, watching her taut nipples with interest mixed with anticipation, like a kid who just found a new source of amusement. Then his hand closed over one breast, caressing it, Isabella released a sharp gasp - he liked that.

All his life, Pedro had always stayed away from women - Anabelle and Isabella being the only ones excluded from that rule. He had spent his childhood with his mother and watched how she struggled to juggle him and her career altogether and swore to treat her well.

So he focused all his attention on performing well at school and made her proud - never giving her a reason to cry. So while his buddies were busy changing girlfriends as they do to their wardrobes, he was busy improving his skills until Anabelle.

Perhaps, due to the fact he and Anabelle had been friends since childhood, they hadn't rushed into getting physical with each other, plus the fact she had been sickly hence couldn't stress her.

But Isabella? She was fire and he sure was getting burned right now as he took one nipple into his mouth.

Chapter 324 - Two Hundred And Twenty-four: Innocent Incubus

The third point of view:

Isabella sucked in a sharp breath, this was better than she thought. It was obvious that Pedro was an amateur, heck! Why was she even speaking as if she was a professional in this area? Contrary to what people thought, Isabella was a virgin. Notwithstanding the previous boys she dated, she had not let any of those assholes touched her.

Sure, they shared a kiss, what was a kiss anyway - Even Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss. Surprisingly, someone as receptive as her, knew sex created some sort of

emotional bond with one's partner and she wasn't willing to share that gift with some asshole. Dating those boys at school had been a form of revolt against her father being with Jennifer plus the fact the cheating bastards kept her entertained.

Isabella was possessive; neither did she do well with betrayal. Perhaps, that was why she was attracted to Pedro because he was a one-woman type. Take a look at him, he was having a hard time dealing with her, not to talk of the hassles that came with two-timing. But then, humans change so she'd use this great opportunity to shape him into her royal partner for life.

Yes, that's it," Isabella hissed from the euphoric feeling. Pedro was obsessed with this discovery.

Pedro's eyes glittered as he cupped one of her tits in his palm, he caressed and felt the weight of it and liked the fact it fit completely in his palms. While he was busy getting familiar with this new feeling, he was driving Isabella crazy with need. He looked like a child, figuring out how to drive a car toy for the first time.

He began to caress her boobs, watching with interest as her nipples hardened. He pinched one and watched as the pain faded into pleasure. The areolae surrounding her swollen nipples were a deep dusky pink, and he ran his tongue around it.

"God! Pedro, you're killing me," Isabella breathed out, she was heaving with the effort. Who knew this innocent face was an Incubus in disguise.

Pedro smiled, seeing Isabella writhing on top of him gave him some sort of power and he took her breast into his mouth once more. Isabella shuddered with pleasure, her lustful cries inciting him as he ran lazy circles with his tongues.

"Yes..." she moaned, digging her hand into his hair while grinding against his arousal, pressing so close and feeling how badly they wanted each other.

Isabella pulled him away, clutched a fistful of his hair, and pushed his head back just far enough to expose his neck to her. She kissed his throat, nipping and licking up till she found his lips.

She kissed the top of his lips, the bottom of his lips, then grazed her tongue between his lips and slowly added a little tongue, playing and chasing his tongue for a while and then sucked on the top and bottom lip. Isabella was hot and wet but she wasn't close to stopping, the night was still young.

While Isabella took full command of the kiss, Pedro's hands were working on her ass. He squeezed the soft globe so tightly she moaned into his mouth.

Isabella was smashed against his defined chest and he took hold of her waist, rubbing her core against his arousal through his pants while the other went to the curve of her

breast. She pulled out a ragged breath, it was like she was in heaven. Though she knew sex felt good, knowing and tasting were two different things. Now she could see the reason why her damned father wouldn't let Reina out of his sight.

She was incredibly turned on and her hand cradled the nape of his head, kissing him firmer and harsher. She arched for his touch and as if they were communicating telepathically, he slid his finger under the thin fabric.

Isabella's mind reeled as Pedro began to stroke her folds, circling her clit with his thumb. Her grasp on his hair tightened, she was reeling from the sensation. Isabella gently scraped her nails along his back and neck, she would die from too much bliss. Huh? This didn't seem like a bad way to die.

Pedro continued to touch her with a mastery that surprised her until ecstasy crashed over her. She laid on him for a couple of seconds, trying to catch her breath before pushing Pedro back on the bed.

With dark eyes, she climbed off his body and began to work on his pants, unzipping and pulling them down his thigh alongside his briefs.

A blush crept up Pedro's face but he calmed down, the time for being reserve was gone the moment he touched her down there.

Isabella's eyes widened the moment she saw the whole of him.

"Look what you've been hiding down there," She spoke dirty to him, his blush deepened.

Isabella then tentatively held his length, gasping in amazement as it further increased in size and it was so damn, huge. How was this going to fit inside of her? Still, Isabella didn't back down from the challenge, she wondered how far this would go in her mouth?

Then she kissed up and down his length watching with pride as Pedro threw his head back and groaned, not from pain but excitement.

"You like it?" She asked, just to be sure.

"God, yes," Pedro moaned, propping himself up on the bed while Isabella lay across, feasting on him. There was just something sexy about the way he looked at her that incited her to do more.

Isabella worked him; she grabbed his length and kissed him once more, moving to his head where she licked the salty taste of him off the tip. She pulled away and then licked him once more from base to tip. A moan erupted from his lips, his hands going to pull at her hair to fasten the pace.

Thanks to that, Isabella began to suck him. Pedro growled, his grip tightening as she repeated the action. Then suddenly, Isabella opened her mouth and took him as much as she could, covering the whole of him to the extent she gagged and gave him a lascivious lick before pulling away just as Pedro released.

He fell back on the bed looking like a satisfied kitty while his sneaky girlfriend climbed right back to him and kissed him, giving him a share of his taste. Their kiss increased in passion and intensity and Pedro took dominance this time.

Pedro probed her mouth with his tongue, relishing her taste before kissing down her neck, finding and sucking those erogenous points. He then flipped her over so he was on top of her and took his plundering to her breast.

He fondled the two mounds on her chest, trailing circles on her nipple with the tip of his tongue while Isabella moaned and writhed beneath him. Seeing she had made him feel good, Pedro decided to return the favor.

He then adjusted his position so he could lower himself between her legs. He got rid of her thong, baring her completely to him.

Isabella went red in the face, as confident as she were, this was the first time a man was seeing her down there, yet, her body shivered with expectation.

Pedro kissed the inside of her thigh, spreading her legs even further and when he sucked her down there, Isabella's eye rolled to the back of her head. This felt so good.

He buried his face in there, kissing and licking every inch of her while she grasped the sheet beneath her, unable to pinpoint where the pleasure was coming from. She writhed and bucked her hips into his face.

Pedro's tongue was everywhere, she grabbed his hair to anchor herself as she felt another ecstasy coming. His tongue lashed over relentlessly and the waves of pleasure crashed so hard she forgot how to breathe.

"It's time," Pedro announced. He might have been celibate all those years but he had an idea of intimacy between a man and a woman.

"Stick it in the right hole," Isabella joked. However, that was just a front to cover her nervousness, having known what was about to happen.

Isabella gave him the protection she had purchased when she left earlier and helped him put it on. Then she laid back, pulling out a ragged breath as Pedro rubbed his arousal against her entrance.

"Are you ready?" He asked, just to be sure and she simply nodded.

Immediately, Pedro pushed his member as far as possible into her but the boy felt a resistance so great he grunted. Then he looked down to discover Isabella had a pained expression and it dawned on him.

"You're a virgin!" He had an astounded look on his face. Pedro had heard tales of her "great" relationships in the past and had surmised she had given it off years ago, who knew...

"God, I have to stop," He panicked.

"And I swear to that God, if you don't finish what you started, I'll throttle you," Isabella threatened him.

"I'm hurting you,"

"It's only but for a moment. Now continue," She ordered him.

Yet, contrary to her expectation, Pedro pulled away and when she was about to give him a piece of her mind, he entered her once more, but this time he was slower and gentler. Thus, Pedro continued with this pace until she had opened up fully.

Once fully sheathed inside of her, Pedro paused for a moment and let her get used to the feeling before he started moving. She shuddered, her body adjusting to the size of him as he began to move, slowly at the beginning, then picked up speed.

Both were panting as Pedro pounded her hard and fast. Isabella had her legs wrapped around his waist and she was egging him on.

"Ahh... Yes... Faster,"

Pedro slammed into her harder per her request again and again and it was not long before the ecstatic moment came, Isabella cried with delight and both died off together.

Chapter 325 - Two Hundred And Twenty-five: Incubus And His Siren

The third point of view:

"Are you that happy?" Niklaus asked Reina, scratch that, his wife, Reina.

Contrary to his fears, he felt free and great happiness like never before. He was now the husband to Reina which means no one can separate them any longer - not even a divorce - nor decide their fate. Their fate was already tied together.

"Yes, I'm so happy," Reina told him joyfully, staring at their certificate of Marriage. Everything still felt surreal to her, the certificate helped prove she was not dreaming.

"Since I'm now Mrs. Spencer, I can squander all your resources the way I want, right?" she teased him.

"Sure, deplete them all - if you can. But since you're a pretty determined person, I'm sure you can do that. However, don't worry, once we become poor, we can go to the countryside and live peacefully in between making a lot of babies, " He grinned at her which caused a crease to appear on her face.

They were already done with the reception and were on their way back home in a black limousine. It had been scheduled that they would leave for their honeymoon this night, but as you can see, everyone was exhausted so it was shifted to the next day.

Moreover, with the stunt the kids executed today, Reina needed to set them straight before she left, else they might return halfway after the news of their house burning down again reaches their ear.

"Niklaus," Reina decided to remind him, "I'm not giving birth again," was her conclusion.

"Why?" Niklaus asked calmly - she didn't like that. Anytime, he was this calm, something was going on in that mind of his - a very bad scheme.

"We already have four kids, why would we go for more?" She shrugged.

"Fours kids?" there was a trace of confusion on his face, " When did we have four kids?"

Reina scowled at him, "Seriously, Neon!" Was her reminder.

She knew Neon would not receive the family's inheritance once the time comes except for those he achieved through hard work but she didn't want him to feel left out at this young age - he should be treated equally.

Niklaus recognized that look, his wife didn't approve of that comment. Fine, he'd treat the boy well.

"I don't like the number four, let's make it six," He simply said to her.

"You're crazy!" Reina couldn't believe her ears. It wasn't just one, he was vying for two, what did Niklaus take her for? A baby-making machine?

She was just about to spit more fire from her mouth when Niklaus suddenly reached out and pulled her to his laps ungracefully.

"You were saying?" his brow arched in a challenge.

Reina froze, gulping down saliva. Her heart was beating so fast with their faces so close to each other. How could someone be so handsome? She was most jealous of his thick brows and long eyelashes - which he didn't give a damn care about. God was so unfair, how could he give such features to Niklaus when she had much use for them?

"A-hem," Reina cleared her throat nervously, a blush creeping up her face. That man was not a seducer, but a damn Incubus. He was sucking her life force, no wonder she was susceptible to every one of his requests.

"About that issue," Her once loud voice suddenly became weak, "We'd discuss that later,"

"Yeah, sure," Niklaus had his signature sleazy smirk on, " We'd discuss that issue in our bedroom later as husband and wife,"

"Seriously," She hissed and tried to get off him but as usual, his hand around her waist had become a fortress.

"What are you doing?" She questioned his intention when he began to come closer.

"Reina, the both of us are currently husband and wife, what do you think couples do in their free time?" he even had a pout.

"Hmmm, let me think," she put on a thoughtful expression and replied, "Take care of their daredevil kids that might be burning the house down as I speak! "

"Fine, fine, you can go," Niklaus finally released her, "We'd just settle the matter in our bedroom,"

Unknown to him, Reina snorted in her heart. Settle what matters in the bedroom, her butt! There was no way on earth she was getting intimate with Niklaus until they left for their honeymoon. But she wouldn't tell him that, because she had her plans in mind.

Throughout the rest of the ride, there was absolute quietness but Niklaus had a goofy smile on his face and Reina a subtle evil smirk, tonight was going to be epic.

"Sir Niklaus, we're here," the chauffeur announced, and just when Reina was about to step out, Niklaus stopped her.

"Don't make a move?"

"Huh?"

Yet the man didn't explain further, instead stepped out of the car and walked around to get to the side of the car, opened it, and hoisted her up in his arms to her horror.

"Niklaus!" She screamed, hanging onto his neck, "Put me down this instant!"

"You always swoon over a romantic gesture yet when one is executed, you begin to scream like a banshee," He murmured while walking into the house.

Because Niklaus was distracted, he failed to notice the unfamiliar car that was packed outside. His eyes were focused on his wife and the fun they would have. So one could imagine the shock on his face when he came into his living room only to see his dear father-in-law and his ex-mother-in-law. Fuck the universe!

"Finally, the couple of the day is here," Sakuzi announced, getting up to his feet.

"Father," Reina hurriedly left Niklaus' side to hug her dear father while giving Nadia a subtle greeting. When she had told her father to spend the night over at her place, she hadn't meant for him to bring that woman.

Nadia had not exactly treated her badly during her stay with her father but they had not been that close due to the fact she had divorced her father which meant less communication.

Reina was hoping that the bad blood would be cleansed fully between her father and Niklaus tonight - her father was only doing this because of her. Though both men could now converse without being at loggerheads with each other, there was still some tension between the both of them.

The difference between Sakuzi and Adam was "change". Her father Sakuzi was willing to sacrifice his deep feeling of hatred towards Niklaus just so she could have a shot at happiness, unlike Adam who wanted to sacrifice his son for his own happiness.

"What are you doing here?" A certain person had already sensed his plans for the night had been disrupted.

"We heard you both would be leaving tomorrow for your week-long honeymoon, so Nadia and I decided to spend the night with our daughters before finally sending her off. Any problem with that?"

"I'm spending the night with her, figure out your room," Nadia made her point known. Reina was surprised at that comment, the woman would stay with her? What a weird development.

"Fine, I'll stay with my son-in-law then," Sakuzi made his choice.

Niklaus wanted to curse out loud.?Sleep with who? He was supposed to be sharing a steamy night with his wife, not that grandpa! Can't these people leave him with his wife?!

Suddenly, it dawned on him- this was a plan. Niklaus was naturally intelligent so he was quick to figure out this was a setup by a wife to bring him and Sakuzi together. His frown subsided, he had a considerate wife.

"Alright, I'll make the sleeping arrangements," He said and left the living room but Reina went after him.

"Niklaus, I -"

"Don't worry, I understand," He didn't let her finish speaking knowing what she would say.

"You know I would have done the same for Adam," She told him.

"Yeah, I know," He breathed, "You love putting yourself in danger which is why I wouldn't have arranged that even if he asked that," Niklaus cupped her face,

"Reina, you might not understand when I say this but you're too precious to me. I don't care if the world hates me for your sake, all that matters to me is that you're safe and satisfied,"

Reina was struck dumb by that confession, a warm feeling filled her chest and she hugged him, "Thank you for loving me, Niklaus,"

Niklaus rubbed her shoulder affectionately, he then said to her, "Alright, that's enough. I need to go serve your father," he chuckled, "Kind of makes me feel like a child seeking approval from his....." he trailed off

Reina was surprised when the look on Niklaus' face suddenly changed, "What is it?" She asked.

But Niklaus ignored her, instead returned to the living room as she followed after him, eyes darting around as if searching around for something or someone? Other than surprising looks, her parents didn't say anything at his sudden appearance.

"Niklaus, what is it?" she asked, but the man ignored her and climbed back up the stairs, heading for Isabella's room.

It was empty.

"Where is Isabella?" He asked. There was a low growl beneath his voice.

"Isabella?" Reina began to think,

"The last time I saw her she was with Pedro... Uh-oh," her eyes connected with Niklaus' furiousness. The man had figured it out too.

"I'm going to kill that boy!" Niklaus swore, set to leave when Reina grabbed his hand and turned him around to her.

"What are you...?"

She hooked her hand around his neck, pulled his face down to hers, and kissed him. All the anger dissipated instantly as Niklaus focused his attention on the siren seducing him, his hands instantly moved down to cup her ass. Reina sighed, Isabella owed her big time for this one

Chapter 326 - Two Hundred And Twenty-six: Please Save Me

The third point of view:

Isabella woke up with a smile on her face. She turned and stretched as the morning sun filtered through the window curtain which prompted her eyes to fall on the figure sleeping beside her. The smile deepened and she cupped her mouth to prevent the giggles from escaping. God! She just lost her v-card last night. She had never felt this good and free.

Isabella rolled onto her side to face him, resting her chin in her palm as she took in his looks; the chiseled chest that had traces of their passion. A blush crept up her face but she ignored it, that reaction was practically normal considering what they did last night.

"Hey handsome, it's morning already," Isabella woke him up but Pedro simply stirred and turned the other way. She snorted, what a sleepy head.

However, she didn't give up and came up with a new strategy. A devilish thought came into her head and she slipped her hand into the sheet, trailed down, and got hold of his member which stirred to life immediately.

"What the f*ck!" Pedro's eyes shot open at once, "What are you doing?!" his face was a mixture of pleasure and embarrassment.

"Shh," Isabella pressed her finger against her lips and continued to rub her hand up and down his length.

Pedro's breath quickened and he threw his head back, reeling from the pleasure his demoness girlfriend was giving him.

"God, yes," He moaned, his breath now faster, desperate for more. As if Isabella knew that, she wrapped her hand around his head and squeezed him tight, earning a satisfied groan.

"Look at me," she ordered him, using her other hand to clutch a fistful of his hair, keeping his eyes on her.

"Do you love me?" She asked Pedro who was struggling to keep his eye open from the excessive pleasure coursing through him.

"Of course, I do... God!" he moaned

"Would you ever betray me?" she asked, still working him.

"No!" he shouted, but out of frustration at her suddenly slowing down when he was just about to reach.

"What did you say? I can't hear you loud,"

"No!" He screamed it out at the top of his lungs, he just wanted her to finish what he started.

"But what if you go back on your words, what should I do to you? My sweet Pedro," Isabella purred sexily,

heightening the passion in the air.

"Cut off my d*ck,"

What the fu..., Isabella wanted to curse out loud. If she cuts them off and later forgives him in the future - which was 20% probability - how would they bear beautiful children in the future? Yet a smile still graced her lips; the comment showed how precious she was to him.

Then she increased her pace, touching him with a speed that made him tremble when the great climax rippled through him. She pulled her hand, wiping off the hot seed with the sheet - the cleaners have a lot of work to do today.

"Goodmorning," Isabella smiled at him. She would have kissed him but then, morning breath sucks.

"Goodmorning," Pedro smiled back.

"We should get ready to leave," Isabella announced, climbing off the bed. The sheet fell off her body, exposing all of her assets to him, "Like what you see?" she winked, heading to the bathroom.

Pedro gulped down. They said women would be the downfall of men, he could bet that wasn't far from the truth because right now, he would give up everything to be with her.

And just like a moth drawn to a flame, Pedro abandoned his fears and premonition and went into the bathroom with her. If he would die after this, no problem, but he'd be happier to know even in the afterlife that he'd known Isabella.

So he joined her in the bathroom where they finished off the rest of the fun. In one word, Isabella was a sex goddess who knew the various ways to turn him on. It still shocks him knowing she was a virgin until last night. He shivered, the girl's knowledge was terrifying.

Both couples luxuriated in the bathrooms, studying each other's bodies and satisfying their licentious appetite. By the time they were done, an hour had passed.

"We should leave, it's ten in the morning. I need to return home," She told him, putting on her dress from last night.

At the mention of home, Pedro stiffened up and Isabella noticed that. She walked over to him and took his hand in hers saying, "You shouldn't worry about my father finding out, he doesn't know a thing and would never know,"

His face featured confusion,

"What are you talking about?"

"My father and Reina should be on their honeymoon already - that was the plan - else, why do you think my phone hasn't rung yet? I do things with careful consideration," she explained with pride, "The only thing that mattered to my father last night was his new wife, Reina. I can assure you that he wouldn't even remember that I exist, "

Almost immediately, the doorbell rang and both looked at each other, surprised.

"Do you order for room service?" Pedro asked her.

"No," Isabella answered, putting on her defense instantly. She walked closer to the door and asked, "Who's that?"

"Room service," Came the answer.

"I didn't order for anything," she replied, brows furrowed contemplatively.

"I know, but the manager is giving you a free breakfast - you're a VVIP in our hotel,"

But then Isabella still didn't believe her and until she looked through the peephole to discover it was the same cleaner from last night, did she relax.

"Alright, give me a minute," she told the woman and turned to Pedro, "Are you done?" she questioned the boy who had just zipped his pants.

"Sure," He gestured to her to open the door.

And she did.

"Hi, here's your breakfast," the woman pushed in the trolley full of mouth-watering dishes.

"Thank you," Isabella said, peering out to the hallways to discover if any strange person was lurking in the shadows. This breakfast didn't sit well with her since she was someone who liked making plans neither did she like unnecessary adjustments to them.

But then, who was she to refuse free food, especially one as tasty as the ones her father cooks at home. Shit, recalling her father just ruined her mood - that damn old man. This time she and Pedro ate in silence and was done quickly.

"We should go before Anabelle bombards me with her calls," She took Pedro's hands in hers as they walked over to the door. Isabella was the happiest since she has achieved her long-time dream of corrupting his soul.

With that feeling of happiness, she opened the door only for her smile to vanish instantly because standing before her was her worst nightmare, no, someone's worst nightmare.

Pedro stilled like a statue, what the hell just happened. Why was Niklaus standing before them and grinning like the devil he was. A million thoughts went through his mind in such a short period, didn't Isabella say he was away on his honeymoon?

"Pedro, run!" Isabella said at him just as she rammed her elbow into her father's guts, creating a momentary distraction.

He ran out yet hesitated when he saw Isabella holding off her father, "What about you?" his heart reached out to her.

"I'll be fine, he can't do anything to me since I'm his daughter. Now run!" Isabella hissed out with effort as she fought her father.

Pedro wanted to run but he couldn't stand and watch Isabella got beaten and she must have sensed his hesitation because she turned and yelled, "Just fucking run! "

Pedro took off instantly.

He ran through the hallway like a mad man - a man running for his life. He must have been crazy thinking he would sleep with Niklaus' daughter and go scot-free.

Pedro kept running with all his might that his breath left his lungs when he bumped into someone out of nowhere. He looked up at the interference and froze. Uh-no, this was one of Niklaus' men.

He stood and tried to retrace his step but the man was faster and had him overpowered already, using a black cloth to cover his nose.

Pedro's eyes widened, he was trying to drug him. No, he can't let that happen! So he strived, but his strength was not strong enough to save him. He gave into the darkness.

Hours later, Pedro was awoken by the sounds of Isabella's wails and a weight on his body and why does he feel so cold? He should look around. Wait a minute, he was being buried ALIVE!

Instantly, the boy tried to stand, he couldn't. His waist downward had been buried, leaving only his torso upward. The boy knew Niklaus did that on purpose; he wanted him to watch his death.

"No, father, don't do this!" Isabella cried out but her sobs didn't touch the stony-faced Niklaus. The girl was held down by his men knowing she wouldn't hesitate to rescue the boy.

"I warned you, didn't I?" Niklaus stood in front of the newly dug grave that would be covered soon.

"P-please save me, I won't do it again," Pedro pleaded, tears streaming down his cheeks. He didn't want to die like this. Heck, he was too young to die!

"I would have forgiven you but then,?you've eaten the forbidden fruit, remember? Hence too late for that," Niklaus said, stomping the cigarette he had been smoking with his feet. He motioned his men with the shovels to proceed.

"Father don't do this!" Isabella wailed as she had never done before but her tears fell on deaf ears.

"Please save me!" Pedro cried for help but no one was there to save him. And that was how the young fool lost his life because of love.

End of imagination

Reina shook the ridiculous imagination out of her head. No, she couldn't let this happen! So she had to put more effort into seducing the man she was kissing right now. Isabella would pay for this huge favor later.

Chapter 327 - Two Hundred And Twenty-seven: The Visitor

The third point of view :

"Judy, you can put me down. I have both feet to walk," Emily ordered as the man carried her from the car to the house. Ever since the news of her pregnancy came up, the man has been treating her as if she was a fragile glass.

To be honest, Emily was grateful for this wedding, it gave her a chance to get away from his monitoring eyes since he couldn't join the bride's train, though he found ways of inserting himself when an opportunity arises.

She understood the reason for his vigilance and what this baby meant to him, but she was a human who needed space too, his overprotectiveness was suffocating her. She had managed to escape from her late father, Adam, and wasn't enthusiastic to live in another tailor-made cocooned world.

"No, you need all the rest you can especially after the stress you put yourself today," He added when he saw the deep crease on her face, "Doctor's words, not mine,"

The doctor had told them that the first three months were crucial and she was at risk of miscarriage if not careful enough. So Emily admitted defeat, letting him do whatever he wanted. Though it was kind of sweet watching him all tensed up and anticipatedly for this child.

"Does your feet hurt? Do you need me to massage them," He said the moment he placed her on the sofa, taking her heels off.

"I'm fine, Judy. I just need to wash up and rest - it's been a long day," Emily groaned, stretching herself.

"Fine, we'll bath then,"

"Alright," Emily agreed without thinking, already standing to her feet when she fully comprehended his words, "Wait, what?! Who's we?"

But the straight face he gave her answered her. You've got to be kidding her. Emily's hands went to her chest, " I swear to God if you touch me, I'll break your thingy,"

Judy answered blandly, "Who said I'm touching you, I'm only bathing you,"

"You son of a biscuit! What's the difference between touching me and bathing me?!" She hollered.

Judy cocked his brow, saying, "I see a lot of difference, do we need to consult the dictionary?"

Emily was tongue-tied, she almost spat blood. How could some be this brazen? She was happy to have finally escaped her shameless brother, Niklaus, who knew Judy's was on a higher level.

He continued, "But don't worry, if you don't want me to touch you, I won't,"

Huh? Did he just let her go? Emily found that highly suspicious, he couldn't have given up already?

And yes, Judy wasn't done, "I'll just use the showerhead to -"

Instantly, Emily pressed her finger against his lips, "Don't say it," she warned.

A grin lit his face, he got her there. "Have a wonderful bath, milady," And that being said, he left, leaving his flustered fiancée behind.

Emily slapped her cheeks to ensure she was still alive. Why was the place suddenly hot? She began to fan herself as she headed to her room to have a shower.

Both couples had their bath - separately - and came back down to the living room. Since it was eleven in the night and none seemed willing to sleep yet, they decided to have a bit of chat before they went to bed.

"When are you going to tell the queen that I'm expecting a child?" Emily asked him out of sheer curiosity.

The instant he had found out about the pregnancy, Judy had silenced the physician and his assistant - not even the maidservant assigned to her was spared. He had threatened the life out of them. So it was reported that Emily had caught a nasty cold which wasn't surprising since Lincolnshire was in its cold season.

"I'll tell her soon but my focus is on you at the moment, I need to take care of the mother of my child before she comes in to take over," Judy told Emily while stroking her hair as she was lying on his lap.

His mother was controlling judging from how she had monopolized Akim's attention and time. Well, he couldn't blame her, she needed a companion - if only the setup dates hadn't failed. Yes, his mother had his best interest at heart, but then, another man's meat is another man's poison. If it wasn't Emily, there would be no one else.

"No matter what, we need to tell her the truth. She deserves to know," Emily disapproved of his excuse.

"Fine, I'll tell her once we're back at Lincolnshire. Satisfied?"

"Whatever," Emily rolled her eyes and wanted to turn the other way but Judy cupped her face. The man lowered his face and was about to kiss her when the doorbell rang, interrupting them.

Both of them looked at each other questioningly.

"You're not expecting anybody?"

"No?" Judy answered, brows furrowed deep in thoughts. He glanced down at her, "It might be for me. Stay here, I'll answer,"

Emily sat up so he could leave for the door, her lips pursed in contemplation. It couldn't be Reina nor Camille since both were on their honeymoon nor the stressed-up Lisa and Cecil. But whoever could surpass Judy's security and ring the bell, must be someone important.

What was keeping Judy at the door by the way.....

Though Judy was sure no one could bypass his security, he still looked through the peephole to be sure they weren't in danger - Emily's life was highly important. But then, when the man saw who was at the door, anger like no other coursed through him.

The nerve of her!

"What the fuck are you doing here?!" Judy boomed the moment he opened the door startling the poor girl.

Fiona was astounded by the cold reception. She had intentionally taken him by surprise even though she knew that woman was here. She had known Kai for seven years, he wouldn't toss her aside just because of that woman, right? Yet, reality slapped her hard on the face.

"I-I h-heard about the w-wedding... thought to come... c-came late-e," she stuttered miserably.

This was the first time Kai was being this fierce with her. Even the other times when he had been angry with her, there had been a tinge of playfulness in his voice. But now, he was all mean and fearsome.

"So you came for the wedding, right? Who invited you? Don't you see hotels around?! "

"N-no, it's not -"

"What's going on here?" Someone announced from behind, Judy stiffened up. What he feared most just happened, the misunderstanding.

"Is nothing, she was just leaving," He smiled sweetly at Emily, then turned to glare at a certain person still standing outside uncertain, "Weren't you?"

Fiona gulped, no, she was embarrassed. Judy supported that woman contrary to her expectation - he failed her. She was sure Emily was full of pride and was about to take up the roasting where Judy stopped. The Queen has led her to her demise, this was a wrong move. She was too hasty this time.

"Leaving?" Emily gave Judy the look, "Why should she leave?"

"Huh?" Judy blinked, confused.

Emily left Judy and focused her attention on the beautiful strawberry blonde woman standing outside her door, "You came for the wedding right?"

Fiona couldn't even answer, stunned by what was going on. Why was this woman not throwing her weight around? Was she just dumb or too kind or.....

A smile lifted the corner of Fiona's mouth, could it be that the woman was finally acknowledging her place and accepting the reality that no matter what she does, she would never be the one to settle down with Judy?

Because of Emily's humility and Judy's lessened killing intent, Fiona resumed her pompous mood. What has she got to fear anyway? Her father was part of the inner court and controlled about forty percent of the resources in Lincolnshire.

"You came for the wedding, didn't you?" Emily repeated politely.

"Yes, I did, but I was informed late hence why I couldn't meet up with it. I contemplated staying at a hotel when I remembered Prince Kai...." she said, looking at the man with adoration, "Had a property nearby so I thought of spending the night here instead of wasting my resources at the hotel," she gave Emily a sensible answer. Humph! Let's see if the woman can find fault with it.

"I never told you I had a private property, how did you find out?" Judy asked, a look of displeasure on his face.

Who was Fiona deceiving? His mother must have gotten the information and gave it to her. The both of them were undoubtedly in cahoots.

"You're the prince and this place was once your root. There's no doubt you'd like to connect with it by purchasing properties," Fiona replied smartly.

"How did you get my address then?" Judy pressed, he was not giving up on this.

"Judy," Emily pulled the sleeve of his cloth to draw his attention, "Fiona just came from a long flight, she needs a roof over her head and her thin clothes can't shield her much from the cold wind outside," she laid much emphasis on "thin clothing". She wasn't stupid enough not to see through the girl's plan.

Judy was exasperated, why was Emily inviting this little vixen into their house. Fine, he'd go with her decision, but if Fiona tries anything stupid, he'd skin her alive - if only he knew he wouldn't even have to lift a finger at all.

"You should come in dear," Emily welcomed the delighted Fiona into the house. If only the girl wasn't eager to intrude on the couples, she'd have been observant enough to notice the hidden dark smirk that pulled Emily's lips to the side.

Chapter 328 - Three Hundred And Twenty-eight: Dissappear From The Surface Of The Earth

The third point of view:

"Make yourself comfortable," Emily played the part of a good hostess.

With her head lifted high, Fiona strutted into the living room. This was the treatment she deserves. However, her brows suddenly furrowed, why was she being treated like a visitor and this woman behaving like the mistress of the house? That idea didn't sit well with her.

"There are only two rooms here available, hence you would be sharing one with me" Emily informed her.

Share her butt! Fiona wanted to throw a fit but shut up when her eyes met with Kai's. Gosh, she almost lost control. For Christ's sake, she was a noble and wasn't supposed to lose her calm because of this woman. Fine, she'd endure this humiliation with Kai's presence but once it's time to settle down for the night, she'd put this woman in her place.

It wasn't over until it's truly over. Just because the woman gave birth to the first official prince doesn't guarantee her spot as the next queen. The queen dowager doesn't approve of her which means no matter what the woman does, she would never be Kai's wife, the queen. Once Fiona becomes the new queen, she would give birth to more princes and princesses and that woman would be forgotten.

A slow smile worked its way across her face and into her eyes when Fiona thought about being Kai's wife. She would be the brightest shining star in the kingdom of Lincolnshire and all eyes would be on her. Though Kai might not feel anything for her now, Fiona was confident he would come to love her in the future.

"You should relax, I'll take your things inside," Emily offered to carry her luggage but Judy snatched it away from her with a frown.

"I asked you not to strain yourself," He scolded her and took the bag to the room leaving both women alone.

There was tension in the air so thick a knife could cut through it. Fiona stared at the woman with a condescending look as she wondered what drew the prince to Emily. She must have bewitched him, that was the only explanation she could come up with.

Emily sighed, why were some women so dumb. This woman was so willing to throw herself at a man that wouldn't even take a look at her - Girl, have some pride! Fine, since she asked for trouble, she'd give her one. Sometimes, everything was not achieved by violence; there are many ways to kill a rat.

"You must be hung-

"Yes, I'm hungry," she took the words right out of Emily's mouth, "I came from a long flight, were you expecting me to go to bed with an empty stomach? Is that how you treat your guest?!" She raised her voice a bit.

"Of course not, your royal highness," Emily said with heavy sarcasm.

Fiona wanted to quibble on her

rudeness but Emily didn't give her a chance.

"But your highness, because of your impromptu visit, we didn't make enough arrangements hence there are not so many ingredients available and might have to put up with whatever I prepare," Emily told her with a smile that didn't touch her eyes.

"Y-you," Fiona was stunned by that attitude, "How dare -"

"Is anything the matter?" Judy made his appearance.

"Of course not," Emily answered,

"Fiona was just telling me how hungry she was,"

"Hungry? What time is it in the night? Didn't she eat on the plane?"

Wrong move, Fiona was alarmed. This wasn't how it was supposed to go. She stood up about to explain things to Judy but Emily pushed her back to the sofa gently.

"Relax, you don't have to worry about a thing. I already told you I'll prepare the meal for you," Emily said to her.

This bitch! Fiona cursed. The woman was intentionally putting her in a tight corner and now Kai had misunderstood her as a selfish person. She should have known this woman was a sly fox. But Emily should watch out, she would outfox her.

Emily ignored the girl's murderous gaze and turned to her handsome fiancé, "Would you please help me out in the kitchen, Judy?"

"Of course," Judy was more than happy to help out.

Fiona almost fell from shock. She sprang up to her feet, "How could you ask the prince to do such a menial job?"

"Excuse me?"

"Prince Kai is a noble -"

"Do you want to leave this night?" Judy threatened.

"But Kai -"

"I'm not kidding," his face held a grave expression.

Fiona bit down on her lips, aggrieved. This wasn't the Kai she knew anymore, he had changed entirely - this witch has done something to him.

"In case you're bored, you can join us in the kitchen," Emily offered her with what was seen as a kind smile before she took Judy's hand and left in the direction of the kitchen.

Humiliation! Fiona's eyes were full of rage. This woman was a devil in sheep's clothing and the queen was going too easy with her. Left for her alone, she would have done something about it, but not when the prince was against her every action.

Judy, who should have been the sensible one, was now wrapped around this little witch's finger. No, she won't let that be. What was she even doing here? she had to go spy on that witch. Who knew what she was feeding him at the moment?

"I see what you're doing," Judy said to Emily who was laying down the ingredients she had taken out from the fridge on the counter.

"What do you think I'm doing?" She asked, a smile touching the corner of her lips.

"You're dealing with her the smart way," He said, hugging the girl's waist from behind, his heat sipping into her body.

Emily rested her head back on his body, "She seems like an overpampered princess from birth. I hope she learns from this. The girl's young and has ample opportunity of meeting the one who would love her,"

"You're too kind," Judy told her, his hand slipping into her shirt, she shivered.

"Judy stop it," She giggled, his hand was making her ticklish.

But Judy didn't listen, instead, he lowered his head and whispered into her ears, "We did not put much of a show earlier and the Fiona I know, would surely be out to spy on us,"

"So you're thinking what I'm thinking," Emily asked him, tilting her neck to give him more access.

"More than that," He kissed down her neck before turning her around to face him.

Judy grabbed her waist and placed her on the counter after clearing the ingredients in his path. His hands traveled to her thighs and spread them apart as he stood in between, pulling her hips flush against him.

Emily went red in the face at the thought of that woman watching them being intimate but she had to do this else that kiddo keeps deluding herself. Since the girl was a healthy competitor, she'd give her a chance to give up before she loses herself.

"Yes...." Emily moaned as Judy slipped his head into her baggy shirt and began to suck her tits.

And that was the great sight Fiona stumbled onto when she came into the living room. A scream almost left her throat had she not cupped her mouth immediately.

The scene was like a rude awakening to Fiona. All this while, she had envisioned Emily being the one seducing Judy, however seeing the highly respected prince Kai pleasure the girl who kept moaning in ecstasy made her world come crashing down. This is not possible. There had to be a reasonable explanation for this.

This time, Fiona didn't dare to interrupt them. Her image of Kai has finally been tainted and she didn't want to watch more of this puke-inducing scene. So she ran back to the living room, tears threatening to spill.

No, she wouldn't give up. The woman must have done this to thwart her. Her father never taught her to give up in tough times neither has she ever lost a battle. She wouldn't lose this one either.

Fiona clenched her fist with a renewed determination, she would see this to the end. Swallowing down her pride, she waited till the couples finished their date in the kitchen.

Since the meal was a simple one, she didn't waste time and eat the food with bitterness in her heart. She couldn't wait to go to bed so she could show this woman where she belonged.

"You're here?" Emily turned when the door to the room was opened. Judging from the girl's shitty expression, she had seen everything.

"Since there's only one bed, we're going to share," she informed her.

"I'm not sharing a bed with you," Fiona made her stand, "You can make use of the ground or better..." there was a sly smirk on her face, " I can gladly join the prince in his room for the night,"

And that was it!

Emily tossed the bedsheet aside and marched over to that little annoying woman.

"Y-you... What are you doing?" Fiona became fearful when she saw the malevolent look in her eyes. She began to move away until her back hit the wall.

Emily trapped her by placing both hands on each side of her, " Listen here bitch," she spat, Fiona shivered, " I'm done with your petty little games and in case you've forgotten, this is my city,"

She grabbed Fiona's chin tight, "In case you don't understand, this means you're on my turf and I have many ways to make you disappear from the surface of the earth without even the queen nor your prince Kai suspecting a thing. I hope you get that into your dumb little brain," Emily then shove her away, left the room, and went to spend the night with Judy. The bitch could have the room all to herself.

Chapter 329 - Three Hundred And Twenty-nine: Reconciliation

The third point of view :

When both couples came down, they were flustered; looking as red as an overripe tomato. Sakuzi and Nadia's eyes connected, and as older separated couples, they already had a faint idea of what just happened.

Sakuzi was vexed, what kind of son-in-law did he have? Even he in his youthful age wasn't as active as Niklaus. Sigh, what has his poor daughter gotten herself into? Of all men, why was it Niklaus?!

Nadia narrowed her eyes on her ignorant step-daughter. Of all people she has to settle down with, it was another replica of her father, Valentino. What was she even saying? This one was even worse than her ex-husband. Tsk Tsk, the girl didn't even have half of her father's foresight. Fine, she'd help the girl out, tonight.

"Mom, the bed is set," Reina announced, a strong blush crawling up her face. She understood the look they were giving her, they knew what they did amid her effort to cover it up.

Gosh, this was all Isabella's fault. If she wasn't preserving the girl's life, they wouldn't be giving her such looks. However, this was the quickest yet hottest sex she and Niklaus had ever had - the man keeps surprising her.

Though her husband looked difficult to handle, if you looked beyond his scaring outer cover, you'd discover that he was just a child inside. Give Niklaus what he loves, and you've got him pretty wrapped around your finger.

"The bed is set up," Niklaus announced to his father-in-law, grinning from ear to ear. He and Reina just had an intense quickie - that one would forever remain in memory. It's always eminent whenever she becomes the dominant one during their "chumminess".

"Hmm, alright," Sakuzi said with a disgruntled tone. He'd set his son-in-law straight tonight.

And just like that, everyone went in for the night but Reina first checked up on the kids, to ensure they were not up to any tricks.

Now, they were grounded, she'd automatically given them enough time to come up with more tricks - Reina was beginning to question if grounding them was a good idea. But then, since her children weren't your everyday average kids, she added a bit of "threat" and was good to go.

Returning to her room, Reina didn't go to bed immediately, rather she sat down to comb the curls out of her hair so they don't become tangled the next morning. Removing the knots out of her hair was the worst form of torture for her.

"Here, let me help you,"

Reina was highly surprised when Nadia offered to comb her hair. To her, this was the most loving gesture a motherly figure had ever extended to her. And more shocking was the fact it was coming from this woman.

"I don't understand," Reina's lips were pursed, "Why are you suddenly being kind to me, you never liked me,"

The woman stood behind her in front of the vanity and took the comb from her grip saying, "Wrong choice of words, I never hated you, I was just cautious of you,"

She continued explaining as she brushed her hair, "Our line of work doesn't require trust - not even amongst family members. You never can know who might betray you. Son? Husband? Daughter? Servant? And maybe you're right, I was a tad bit jealous of your relationship with Valentino. Was it because you're a girl since I was never blessed with a female child or the second reason? Your father treasured you and I couldn't help but think it was because of that woman, "

"You don't like Angela?" Reina wasn't surprised. It was not hard to figure out Nadia hated Angela - she was the reason her marriage with Sakuzi shattered.

"Of course, she destroyed my marriage, why would I like her? The woman was just a green tea bitch and it irked me the most to know Valentino failed to see through her - love is blind as they say. Hence, I never had high expectations from you. Moreover, what woman would be happy to find out that not only was her husband cheating on her but never loved her as well?"

Reina thought hard about it, what if she woke up one morning and that becomes the case with her and Niklaus? No, that would never happen. She trusted him and if that trust in him fails, she trusted herself to bring him back around.

"Also, the man you loved was responsible for my son's death,"

Reina turned to her, "Nadia, it's all a misunderstanding and mistake -"

"I know and have forgiven, else I won't be standing here, but putting a bullet through your husband's head," she disclosed

Reina's shivered, she indeed had a turbulent family.

"So you now understand why I had to keep my distance from you?"

Reina nodded, a deep sigh escaping her mouth.

"And I hope you signed prenuptial?" Nadia asked.

"Prenuptial?" Reina was confused, why would she need a prenuptial?

"And of course, you didn't," Nadia couldn't help but shake her head at her ignorant stepdaughter.

The woman facepalmed, "Didn't you learn from my lesson? Do you think men stay true to their words? You both might be lovey-dovey now but trust me, you should expect a tremendous change in the next five, six, seven years and tell me? Do you think this Niklaus you're head over heels in love now would treasure you then? When you're no longer as young as now? Trust me, you'd better start paving your way now. Men can and should never be trusted, they're cheating scum -"

"Mom!" Reina called her attention, stunning the woman now.

"M-mom?" She choked.

"Of course, you're my mom. If you're not, what are you then? Family is not by blood only," she reminded the woman.

Nadia was stunned by that declaration, but a warm feeling grew in her heart. She had always wanted a female child to spoil and squander her wealth on; a daughter who

would do her manicure, visit spas together, and shop till tomorrow comes. Well, it seems she might have to make do with Reina.

Regina told her, "I never walked into this marriage with high expectations but that doesn't mean I expect it to fail either. Signing up for a prenuptial is a pretty nice move but that's dooming my marriage to fail before it even began- I don't need that mindset. I believe in my marriage and would fight for it - if it's redeemable - to the end for the sake of my children and myself," Reina added, "But thanks for the advice anyway, mom,"

"You, young people," Nadia took a deep breath, "Fine if you say so," she resumed her combing.

"You know," Reina started, "You could still get together with father,"

The woman paused, their eyes meeting through the mirror, "You have a great imagination," Nadia took her eyes off, continuing what she was doing. She had pretty much undone all the curls but she just busied herself with her daughter's hair.

"I'm serious," Reina chuckled, turning to look at the woman's face, "I caught father stealing glances at you in the wedding,"

Nadia blushed.

Reina's smile broadened, "You still like him, don't you?"

"Like who?" Nadia huffed and dropped the comb on the vanity, "That old man? In your dreams," she headed for the bed yet Reina caught the blush on her face.

If only she wasn't leaving for her honeymoon tomorrow, Reina would have played matchmaker. Moreover, Nadia was leaving the next day. But a smile suddenly stretched Reina's lips as she came up with an idea.

Thanks to their newly formed friendship, she would convince Nadia to stay back for a few days to help take care of her kids - persuading her father to do the same was simple as ABC. Since her triple trouble - Allen, Ailee, and Neon - were less busy, she could contract them for this matchmaking mission.

She didn't have to look at their portfolio; they were perfect for the job -speaking from experience. For the first time, those troublesome kids would put their skills into something useful and beneficial for the family. Only if she was around, this would have been fun to watch. Where was her phone? Time to contact her kids, hehe.

Meanwhile, in Niklaus' room...

Both father and son-in-law were on the balcony relishing the cool night air over a bottle of wine.

"You have quite a stamina," Sakuzi tactically pointed out his sexual voraciousness.

Niklaus laughed heartily, bringing the wine glass to his lips saying, "You have two grandkids only, don't you want more? Don't tell me you don't want more mini kids running around? Well, If you're not, I'm more than willing to give you more companions,"

Harrumph! That bastard! Sakuzi cursed. He had never met anyone as shameless as this man, and the fact he was his son-in-law gave him more headache.

An awkward silence fell upon them once more. But from the looks of things, both men were struggling to get the words out.

"I'm sorry for your son..."

"I'm sorry for your wife..."

Both said at the same time, a look of surprise, followed by understanding flashed across the faces.

Unlike women who would quibble longer on a simple issue, both men already shared a tactile understanding, sweeping their misunderstanding right under the carpet. They sighed and stared up at the starry sky.

"How old is this wine?" Sakuzi asked, taking a sip.

"Twenty?" Niklaus answered.

"I have older ones, come to my place, we'd explore my cellar,"

And just like that, they continued their conversation late into the night.

Chapter 330 - Three Hundred And Thirty: His Son

The third point of view :

"Oh shit!"

Pedro was awoken by Isabella cussing early in the morning. He groaned, sitting up without stretching so he could know what got the calm Isabella worked up.

"What is it?" he asked, concerned.

"Nothing," Isabella told him, hiding something behind her back.

Pedro narrowed his eye on her, Isabella was the calmest person he knew amid chaos. The only people who could rattle her were her family and he had a faint premonition it had to do with her father.

"Isabella?" he pressed for the truth.

"It's nothing to worry about," Isabella still refused to tell him.

Pedro stretched his neck and peered behind her, catching an outline of her phone. If he had a theory previously, it was a fact now.

Without warning, he lunged for the phone but Isabella was smarter and moved to the side. However, Pedro had predicted that move hence trapped her with his body.

But even with that, he couldn't snatch the phone from Isabella thanks to her fast hand movements. Knowing Isabella was skillful and he could never defeat her, Pedro applied his clever shameless tactic.

Isabella was enjoying this, she didn't mean to prove she was more flexible, but the scene called for it. Pedro didn't need to know her father knew about everything they did last night.

She was just about to slip out of his grasp when Pedro dipped his head and kissed her. Isabella's mind froze in time. Though her sixth sense told her this was a distraction by Pedro, she was far gone, no, scratch that, she was enjoying this to care.

Pedro smiled, he got her where he wanted her to be. While Isabella was engaged with the kiss, he reached out and grabbed the phone from her.

"Pedro, no, don't!" Isabella shouted, but the boy had opened the message already.

[You owe me one for last night, Isabella - thank your lucky ass. While you're at it with your boyfriend, remember to take care of your siblings. We're leaving]

"We're leaving?" Pedro pointed out from the text message Reina sent. He checked the time on the cell phone, "8:00 am? Doesn't this mean they didn't leave for their honeymoon last night? In one word, your father -"

"Knows what we did last night,"

Pedro gulped down hard. He knew it, his days were numbered. He better prepares his gravestone.

"But you don't have to worry," Isabella was quick to assure him, "From the look of the message, Reina, no, my mom got this under control,"

"Yeah, until Niklaus returns," Pedro reminded her with dread.

"His anger would have waned by then. I believe in Reina, you should see my father around her," she reached out and cupped his face with her palm, "I'm not going to let him do anything to you - don't worry, Niklaus won't dare it,"

Pedro calmed down, what was he even troubled about? What could Niklaus possibly do to him? Send him away? Bury him alive? Now he thought about it, the man couldn't do anything to him since Isabella was in love with him - hurting him would be hurting his daughter.

"Alright," He relaxed, his pounding heart slowly returning to its normal beat.

"So shall we continue?" Isabella had on a sly smirk.

"C-continue what?" he pretended to be oblivious to what she was suggesting. He had not intended her to finish what he started, seducing her was just a tactic to snatch the phone from her.

"Resuming what you've started," she announced and flipped him over, straddling his waist and taking up the passion from where they had stopped from last night.

By the time they were done with their urm... exercise, it was almost afternoon and they left the hotel finally.

"Here you go," Pedro dropped her in front of her place, "You should rest since we've been....er...."

"We've been what?" Isabella intentionally teased him.

"We've been.... been..."

"Been what?" She poked fun at him, loving the blush on his face. He was adorably cute when shy.

"I read somewhere that women feel an ache there when they do it for the first time," Pedro said without looking at her face. Gosh, why did he have to say this nonsense?

Isabella's smirk broadened, "Oh, I do feel an ache..." she leaned closer, brushing her lips against his before moving to whisper into his ears, "Only you can fill, "

Pedro felt a slight discomfort down, he was alive there again. But then, they've gone at it so many times this morning. So he simply pecked her on the lips saying, "You should go in now,"

Isabella pulled away, "Of course, I have to leave," she then grabbed his shirt and kissed him passionately once more

"Goodbye Pedro," Isabella breathed and left. She couldn't stay in here any longer else she devoured him.

Left for Isabella alone, she wouldn't let him leave her sight, and thinking about other women staring at her man, made a hot anger course through her. Gosh, what the hell was wrong with her?

"Wow," Pedro breathed, still not believing what just happened. His day has been nothing but good so far. High on ecstasy, he drove back to his house which wasn't far since they practically lived in the same street.

"Someone's happy today," was the first word Cecil his mother used to welcome him the moment he returned home. She was seated on the couch in the living room, going through a fashion magazine

"Afternoon, mom," He pecked her on the cheeks, taking a seat beside her.

"Yeah, I'm sure you had a pleasant morning," she said knowingly, "Don't even need to guess your status anymore,"

Pedro blushed.

And as mothers would be mothers, she sat up properly to get the rest of the juicy gossip.

"So tell me, how was your first night? I bet it was sexy,"

"Mom!" he whined, leaning back into his chair with his face buried in the crook of his arms, "I am so not telling you that,"

"What's wrong with telling me? Come on, this woman's bored. Pedro, entertain me," she pressed, yanking his arm off to see a face as red as shrimp.

"If you want entertainment, get a companion," Pedro told her, shifting away so she doesn't bother him further.

"This woman's old for that," Cecil claimed.

"You're just thirty-eight, what's old about that?" he shrugged.

Cecil groaned, "Are you gisting me or not?"

"Nope. Not a chance," Pedro stood his ground. Mother or not, there was no way in hell he was telling her about the things he and Isabella did last night. So he diverted the topic.

"You're not going to work today - "

"Nope, not a chance. Not after the stressful wedding yesterday," Was her reply. Though today was Sunday, his mother's work as a fashion designer knew no day of rest.

"I'm having my beauty rest today, my schedules were all adjusted, thought tomorrow would be one roller-coaster ride judging from all the clients I have kept waiting," she sank back against the couch with an exhausted sigh.

"What about Emily? How does she work from Lincolnshire?" he asked her since both women were running a partnership.

"I've discussed with her and we're going to open a branch in Lincolnshire,"

"Wow," He was stunned, "That's a good one,"

"Yeah, we're thinking of blending our style with Lincolnshire culture for the season and see how that works out,"

"Well, Emily has the prince on her side, why wouldn't it work out?" Pedro stood to his feet, "I'm going to have a rest,"

"Sure, after such an exciting night, you need as much rest as you can," she intentionally teased him.

"Mom -"

The doorbell rang.

"Huh?" Cecil looked up at him, a smile stretching her lips, "Don't tell me that's Isabella at the door,"

"Ugh," Pedro rolled his eyes and went to answer the door saying, "Isabella, what brings you - oh,"

It wasn't Isabella as they thought, rather a man who had his back turned to him. He was looking around and had not noticed the door was opened yet.

Pedro cleared his throat to notify him of his presence, "A-hem, excuse me sir, but who are....." the rest of his words died off when the man faced him.

No way in hell.

Pedro gaped at the man who had the same blue eyes as him and though they didn't share the same hair color - he had inherited his mother's blonde ones - that face was incredibly similar to his. Pedro didn't need a prophet to tell him that this man was his father.

The man looked startled to see him too. Father and son kept staring at each other, regarding one another intensely. Scenes like this could only happen in movies, but it was happening right in front of him.

"Hi son," the man waved, hesitantly.

The boy was confused. What was he supposed to do? Or say?

"Pedro, what the hell is keeping you at the door. Don't tell me you and Isabella are doing dirty things ..." there was a hint of laughter in her mother's voice and it was coming closer in his direction.

Cecil arrived at the entrance, " Pedro, what are you -" the woman's eyes suddenly widened as soon as her eyes rested on the man standing at the door.

"Fernandez," she gasped from pure shock.

"Cecil," the man said, softly.

"What are you doing here?" She spat, her previous shock turning into hot simmering anger.

"What do you think I'm here for? Of course, I'm here to take my son,"

Oh, God damn you.